

A good warning for all Maidens,
 By the Example of Gods judgment shew'd upon one *Jermans* wife of *Clifton*
 in the County of Nottingham, who lying in child bed was born away and
 never heard of after. The Tune is, The Ladies fall.



You dainty dames so finelie fram'd
 of beauties choicest mold,
 And you that trip it up and down
 like Lambs in Cupids fold,
 Here is a lesson to be learn'd,
 a lesson in my mind,
 For such as will prove false in love,
 and bear a faithlesse mind.
 Not far from Nottingham of late,
 in Clifton as I hear,
 There dwelt a safe and comely Dame
 of beautie without peer.
 Her cheeks were like the crimson Rose,
 yet as you may perceive,
 The fairest face the falsest heart,
 and soonest will deceive.
 This gallant Damsell was belov'd
 of many in that place,
 And many sought in marriage bed,
 her booke to embrace.
 At last a proper handsome youth,
 young Bateman call'd by name,
 In hope to make a married wife
 unto this Maiden came.
 Such love and liking soon he found,
 that he from all the rest,
 Had stolen away this malicious heart,
 and she did love him best.
 Then plighte promise secretly,
 no passe betwixen them two,
 That nothing could but death it sell
 these True lovers knot unto,

He broke a piece of Gold in twain;
 one halfe to her he gave,
 The other as a pledge quoth he
 dear heart my self will have,
 If I be break my vowe quoth she,
 while I remain alive,
 I never thing I take in hand
 be seen at all to thine.
 This passed on for two months space,
 and then this Maid began
 To settle lebe liking and to
 upn another man.
 One Jermans who a soldier was,
 her husband needs must be,
 Because he was of greater wealth
 and better in degree.
 Her vowe and promise late she made
 to Bateman she sent'd,
 And in despite of him and his,
 she utter'de sent'd.
 Tell then quoth he if it be so
 that thou wilt me forsake,
 And like a false and forsworn wretch
 another husband take.
 Thou shalt not live one quiet daie,
 for surelie I will have
 Thee either now alive or dead,
 when I am laid in grave.
 The faithlesse mind thou shalt repent,
 therefore be well assur'd,
 When for my sake thou hearest report,
 what torments I endure,

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BUt mark how Baceman did for love,
 he knitt up his life,
 The very day we married was,
 and made old Germans wife.
 For with a strangling cord God wot,
 great moan was made therefore,
 He hang'd himself in desperate sort
 before the brides own door.
 Whereat such sorrow pierc'd her heart,
 and troubled soze her mind,
 That she could never after that
 one daie of comfort find;
 For wheresoever she did go,
 her fancy did surmise,
 Young Bacemans pale and gaskly ghost
 appear'd before her eyes.
 When she in bed a nights did lie
 between her husbands arms,
 In hope thereby to sleep and rest
 in safety without harms.
 Great cries & grisious groans she heard,
 a voice tha sometimes said,
 O thou art she that I must have,
 and will not be deny'd.
 That she then being big with child,
 was for the infants sake
 Preserved the Spirits power,
 no vengeance could it take.
 The babe unborn did safely keep,
 as God appointed so;
 His mothers body from the flend,
 hat sought her overthrew.
 But being of her burthen eas'd,
 and safely brought to bed,
 Her cares and griefes began anew,
 and further sorrow breed:
 And of her friends she did intreat,
 seeking them to stay,
 Out of my bed quoth she this night,
 I shall be born away.
 Here comes the Spirit of my love,
 with pale and gaskly face,
 Who till he bears me hence away,
 will not depart this place,
 Albe oz dead I am his right,
 and he will surely have,
 In spite of me and all the world,
 what I by promise gave.
 O watch with me this night I pray,
 and see you do not sleep,
 So longer then you be awake,
 my body can you keep
 All promised to do their best,
 yet nothing could suffice.
 At middle of the night to keep
 sad slumber from their eyes.
 So being all full fast asleep,
 to them unknown which way,
 The child bed bed that wofull night
 from thence was born away,
 But to what place no creature knew,
 nor to this day can tell;
 As strange a thing as ever yet
 in our age befall.
 You maids that do desire to love
 and would good husbands chuse,
 To him that you have vow'd to love,
 by no means do refuse;
 For God that hears all secret oaths,
 will dreadfull vengeance take;
 And such that of a wilfull vow
 do slender reckoning make.

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